

De La Soul Lyrics

"Sauce"

(feat. Philly Black)

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah
Hold that, hold that, hold that
Yo all that, all that tryin'
Y'all, I told y'all about tryin'
Tryin' is later on man
Can we try something for the ladies
Can we try something for the ladies
Can we do that De La
Let's get that goin' on man
Told y'all about those messages and shit man
We get to that later man, know what I mean
Let's just do something for the ladies man
Let's get a chorus goin' on or something
Let's pop a chorus off, ya know what I mean
Let's do that right now, let's get that goin' on
Let's try that out

I see you real niggas do fake things sometimes
One of them is grabbin' on his mic to rhymes
So let us demonstrate the right way ya need to place
Yo, it's De La up in ya face
Better yet ya whole scene, here to pull in the green
With Philly Black

Just layin' back, raisin' my stacks
Cause how they want it I give it to em' rock or the raw
Yo it really don't matter son, some hot shit for y'all
To go cop at the store, I spit, kick at ya jaw
Leave you on the floor on all fours, you slaw

We burn fast in black flag lands
Bringin' herds and caravans
And heat rock rythms, you blink one, two times
In between I do mines
Showboat refs, I put y'all niggas on deck

Yeah son y'all faggots are soft
I been through, carried the torch
Recognized and done married a dwarf
So in-laws pay a writer's fee
My stizzy sets a wiz bitch's eye in me
Pissy in a rizzy
Indian wife I flip em' behind reachin' for sobriety
Blew north, never find me
Reside in this state of mind
Keep my temple developmental

Projects, front-line essential
Reminded of concubines and evil that men do
Cut off Ginsu, carry a brand new
Vandle issues, brandin' issues
Grabbin' tissues, like you didn't know you had it in you

I live it up y'all, givin' you what y'all
Need and can't call, carry the ball
Like a spit-kicker should and ya wish ya could
Hold it down like the digital who stitched the hood
Better yet the whole globe, light it up like a strobe
While you froze panicin'
Went from man to maniquin
We them peaceful rap stars
That can still jab ya in ya face
Leave ya shit redder than Mars

The sauce and shit, of course we it
The flossy shit
Groundin' beef like Maxwell House
Go ask the house
We representatives
Go call ya Senators
Change laws in rap, renovate ya landscape
The man takes for sixteen
And pull a paragraph up out the tango
Hangin' like vango
Water broke flows to c-sec
You read xecs
Miscarried the rap, abortin' ya whole fort